Life of a Cat

By

Madeline Lauver

Sleep, lounge, eat, meow, purr. That is the current life of Augustus Lauver, who purr-fers to be called Gus. (That’s the only thing he responds to anyway!) Gus started out as a shelter cat, meowing loudly whenever someone passed his cage with a bowl of food. Well cared for, but without someone special, his life was never complete- oh, what am I saying? He had lovely volunteer workers to keep him happy, healthy, and handsome. One lucky day, which happened to be Madeline Lauver’s 13th birthday, he was brought to a local Petco to wait for somebody to see him and say, “Oooh, Mom! I want that one!” That’s what I said! Within the hour, Gus was mine and we were cruising down Fort Couch Road, me in a comfortable leather seat of the family’s Honda, him in a too small cardboard box in my lap. He kept on meowing, and the entire family cracked up. His meow was “meooooooooahhhhoooowwwww!”

“Well, we know for sure he hasn’t kept his baby meow!” I exclaimed.

When we arrived at the house, the family settled him into the basement, and he found at least six different hiding spots within two minutes of exiting The Brown Cardboard Prison. I loved watching him move, his fur flexing to reveal a soft tan underneath the gray and black stripes. Whenever I talk about Gus, everybody says, “Oh, what does he look like?” I find it hard to answer because he is every color from snow white to ebony black. The basement was a lovely start-out home for Gus because of all the little hidey-holes, but there was one major problem. Tristen. A rather large peach tabby, a.k.a. The Beached Whale, revealed his mean streak when he met Gus.